

FAUST'S WILD CHARGE.

It Sent Marguerite Flying In Terror From the Stage.

The name of the hero of this anecdote I shall not give you, for he has long since been gathered to his fathers. Let it suffice that in his heyday he was one of the greatest tenors who ever sang to a breathless and enthusiastic audience. He had a penchant, however, for the red, red wine, which in the end proved his undoing and ultimately provided a pathetic ending for an otherwise great career. In his prime his drinking seemed only to affect his legs, but never his head or voice. He could always sing and sing true, but at times he had no more ability to guide his wandering footsteps than has a sufferer in the last stages of locomotor ataxia.

At one time when he was singing Faust to Eliza Abbott's Marguerite, he appeared at the opera house in an apparently hopeless condition. The management was wild, but there was no one to take his place, and so they had to chance it with him as Faust. All went well until they came to that scene where Faust, in leaving Marguerite, crosses the stage and then, giving way to an impulse, rushes back and kisses Marguerite yet once again ere taking his departure.

Faust on this occasion got to the other side of the stage all right, but trouble arose when he tried to get back. Marguerite sits in the window of her cottage, and Faust comes back and kisses her through the window. Faust measured the distance with a wabbling eye, but made a start when his cue was given. Then he seemed to lose control of himself. One-quarter way across he was trotting, one-half way the trot was a run, and the remainder of the way it had become a gallop.

Up to this point Miss Abbott stood her ground bravely, but that rapidly approaching figure awed her, and with a frightened scream she fled. Faust, poor Faust, charged on. He reached the place he had last seen Marguerite and essayed to clasp the atmosphere in outstretched arms. Then his impetus carried him through the window, and all that the astounded audience looked upon were his waving legs. Somebody pushed him back, and, absolutely undisturbed, he finished the opera, singing in an unusually superb manner. Not so with the unfortunate Marguerite, however, for from then on she was suffering from a case of "rattles," which in simple justice should have been the property of Faust.—New York Tribune.

PRETTY IRISH GIRLS.

Why the Lassies of the Emerald Isle Are Beautiful.

The Irish peasant girls have long been famous for their beautiful, clear skins and healthy complexions. They owe much of their loveliness to the moisture of the climate and the simplicity of their lives. Plain, wholesome fare and rainwater for the wash basin tell their own tale. No matter how homely are the features of the genuine peasant girl, her skin is almost invariably soft and firm, the arms nicely rounded, the eyes brilliant and expressive.

There are no eyes finer than those of the healthy daughter of Erin's isle. Soft and tender one moment, to flash with passion if aroused; dark blue, gray or brown, the Irish eye is peculiarly lovely and possesses a luster all its own. Long lashes shadow these bewitching orbs—lashes that curl upward to sweep the cheek when the face is betrayed into blushes.

So much time is spent out of doors that the feet, usually bare, become enlarged. The ankle, however, is usually well shaped and neat, the instep high and the skin of baby fineness. The Irish girl of humble station is proud of her shapely feet and believes that walking through the grass before sunrise in summer enhances their beauty, which, of course, it does.

No need to powder that fair skin—it owes its peachy bloom to health, happiness and the freedom of outdoor life; no need to resort to the rouge pot—the roses are there hard and fast, nature's own coloring. The hands may be rough by hard work, not diminutive, but shapely; the hair burnished and often luxuriant.—London Answers.

How to Lie When Sleeping.

The correct posture for sleep is to lie on the right side with the limbs stretched out to their full length and the arms either straight down by the body or in any comfortable position, provided they are not raised above the head. The mouth should be closed, and all the muscles of the body should be relaxed. The lungs work with greater deliberation during the hours of sleep, and if the arms are raised above the head at this time and for any period the action of the heart drives the blood away from the arms and sends it to the head, frequently making one very restless when it does not prevent sleep entirely.—American Queen.

Having a Purpose in Life.

Ambition to achieve has saved many a man and woman from an early grave. From a health point of view a definite purpose in life, something which the mind is bent on accomplishing, is a factor which is too rarely considered. The will power which holds one to a set task oftentimes wards off physical weakness and weariness better than the drug or medicine which the physician prescribes. "I must accomplish this before I die," has been the expressed purpose of more than one of the world's great workers.—A. S. Atkinson in Woman's Home Companion.

The perfumers of Rome lived in a special quarter set apart for their use, and whole streets were filled with their shops, which were lounging places for wealthy young nobles.

An Ideal Hedge Plant.

For either an ornamental or defensive hedge for all parts of the country in and south of the latitude of Philadelphia, Pa.—or wherever the mercury does not fall lower—nothing can surpass the hardy Japanese orange, citrus trifoliata.

In points of beauty and defensive qualities it is unexcelled and leaves nothing to be desired. It differs from other oranges in having trifoliate or clover-shaped leaves, larger and finer blooms than any other sort, and produces over a much longer season, frequently blooming two and three times during the summer. The fruit is orange-red, about the size of a Mandarin orange, and is said to make an excellent marmalade, and that the juice, like that of the lemon, affords a refreshing drink. Every branch and twig is a bright, glossy green both summer and winter, and so set with an abundance of formidable thorns that a small bird can hardly pass through it. The magnificent appearance of such a hedge, or of a single specimen on the lawn, in full bloom or weighed down by its brilliant and no less ornamental fruits, is more easily imagined than described.

As to its perfect hardiness in the section for which it is recommended, there is absolutely no question. It has been growing and fruiting in the open ground, and totally unprotected, in the government grounds at Washington for many years, and also in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. In North Georgia there is a hedge of it half a mile long and several years old, and it has been grown in Louisiana for twenty years or more. Dr. G. Devron, of the latter state, said of it several years ago: "I must say that I know of no variety of the Citrus family that can be more neglected, more exposed to the extremes of temperature, or to excess of moisture and dryness, with so much impunity. In seventeen years that I have had that Citrus under observation I have never found an injurious insect on the tree or its leaves, flowers or fruit."

Prof. W. F. Massey, now of the North Carolina College of Agriculture, fully tested it years ago in the hills of northern Maryland, where the first winter after the little plants were set out they were subjected to a temperature of 18 degrees below zero and 4 degrees below at noon, with a bright sunshine and no snow on the ground. Although entirely unprotected, they were not injured in the least, and long since came into full bearing. Professor Massey says of it: "It is naturally a dwarf tree and will need but little trimming to keep it within bounds. It will never become a nuisance, like the so-called Osage orange or Maclura, by sprouting from the roots. We hail it as the most promising plant yet found to take the place of the miserable Osage orange and give us a real defensive hedge without plashing or trying to 'patented' wines, and at the same time a most ornamental fruit-producing hedge."

When used for hedge producing purposes the plants should be set from eighteen to twenty inches apart in a single row. Planted even farther apart they will form a hedge which no animal can force, not even that elusive quantity, the "razorback" hog of the south, to which the barbed wire fence offers no restraint. The first fall, after growth ceases, cut the plants back to a uniform height of one foot; the next fall to two feet, and so on, until four feet high. The plants grow naturally to a height of ten to twelve feet.—Walter N. Pike, Florida, in The Mayflower.

Have you cold? A dose of Balar's Horehound Syrup at bed-time will remove it. Price 25 and 50 cents. Anti-Monopoly Drug Store.

Oklahoma's Claim.

At the present session Oklahoma will knock at the doors of congress for admission to full statehood.

It is only eleven years since it was organized as a territory and the census taken a year ago gives her a population of 400,000.

Most of the states had less population than Oklahoma when they were admitted into the union and only by rank discrimination can this young territory's claim be rejected.

Oklahoma is a rich and well watered country and its future is bright with promise from an agricultural, mining and trading standpoint, and if Frank Clark, J. H. Curry and D. H. Hunnicutt are sample types of its pioneers forensically it will be heard from somewhat after the style that Nebraska was heard from through the matchless eloquence of Bryan.

A good piano for sale cheap, also bed room set, refrigerator, child's bedstead and chairs, at the rectory, 136, Ocklawaha avenue.

Geo. F. Wray, the expert tuner of the Halifax Music House, Daytona visits this city. Leave orders at Wheeler's.

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A Mule as a Life Saver.

The mine mule knows a thing or two quite as well as does the army mule. In one of the mines in the Pittsburgh district the ever patient mule proved himself possessed of an almost human sense of coming danger. One morning when the full shift was at work there occurred an unusual thing. The air currents had seemed defective, and there was a restless feeling among the miners, something like the uneasiness of live stock before a storm. A few days previous a chamber had been closed on account of gas, and the men were instinctively thinking of what that might mean. Suddenly there was a clatter of boots, and a mule appeared. Its long ears were quivering, and its intelligent eyes were full of terror.

It gave a shrill cry, and then was gone down the entry, back a traces flying after it. The men looked at one another, and then the feverishness of the air moved them with one impulse. Dropping picks, they fled precipitately, making a headlong dash through the labyrinth for the open air. With scared faces other miners joined them, and while they were wondering what it all meant a dull, deep explosion went rumbling through the hollow back of them, followed by wave upon wave of noxious vapors. Then they understood. When the bodies of the few poor men who had been hopelessly entrapped were recovered, another was tenderly carried out with theirs—that of the little gray mule that sounded the warning.—Leslie's Weekly.

Serpent Worship.

It was probably in the character of a leader that the serpent was regarded by the Milesians, since most of the localities of Ireland connected with traditions of these reptiles destroyed by St. Patrick were esteemed places of healing. To these spots, generally holy wells, the people of the poor and ignorant classes still resort as pious pilgrims taking relief from their infirmities. They drink of the sacred waters and circle about the fountain on their knees while repeating their prayers, and it is a curious fact, as we are informed by an old time traveler in Ireland, that this circling was formerly done "groveling on hands and knees or even lying flat on the ground and wriggling like a snake." This must undoubtedly have been a relic of the ancient rites, though the people had not the slightest idea of its origin or even that such a religion had ever existed on their island.

In the same way they still on Beltane eve (Bel-tinne, or Bel's fire) kindle "bale fires" on the summit of every hill and send flaming wheels rolling down their sides, though ignorant that they are celebrating a day consecrated to Bel, or Baal, by their Phoenician and Irish ancestors, who observed it in a precisely similar manner.—New Lippincott.

Requirements of a Good Stroke Onr.

During practice a good stroke is one who is regular in his rowing and easy to follow. He must give the big men plenty of time to finish the stroke out. He must keep them swinging steadily, and in a trial over the whole or any portion of the course he must get every possible ounce of work out of them, so that they are completely rowed out without having got short or hurried on the way. In a race he must know the

capabilities of his crew and must be able to feel how they are going, when they want easing off and when they are capable of higher pressure, while above all he must have that degree of generalship which will enable him to decide in a well contested race when to put the pressure on in order to take the advantage of station at a certain point of the course, when to ease off if he is holding his opponent at a slower rate of stroke, how far it is necessary for him to save himself for an effort at the end and especially in a really close contest the exact moment at which he should make the "grande attaque."—Saturday Review.

They Were All Tired.

The parlor entertainer has some amusing experiences, although he is not always good natured enough to tell them against himself. One who appreciates a joke, however, relates that on a certain occasion he had been performing at an "at home" and responding to so many encores that the programme became unusually long.

After it was over his hostess with her young daughter came up to him and, after congratulating him on the success of the afternoon, said most cordially:

"Oh, Mr. Blank, come and have some refreshments and sit down for awhile. I know you must be awfully tired."

"Yes," chimed in the sweet young daughter, with the best intentions in the world; "I'm sure we are."—New York Mail and Express.

A French Novel.

Ion—I adore her!
Narcisse—I idolize her!
"Ha, then we are rivals!"
"Yes, but still friends!"
"Aye, friends till death!"
"Let us tell her!"
They tell her.
She says:
"Let us die!"
They buy 6 centimes' worth of charcoal.
They ignite it.
They inhale it.
They all die.
Vive l'amour!—J. C. Goddard's "A Leave of Absence."

Illustrating His Subject.

"No, you can't see Mr. Blankblank this morning during office hours."
"But he's a public official, isn't he?"
"Yes, and he's engaged in the public service."
"May I ask what he's doing?"
"He's writing a magazine article on 'How Can We Improve the Officeholder's Neglectful Treatment of the Public?'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Old Soldier's Experience.

M. M. Austin, a civil war veteran, of Winchester, Ind., writes, "My wife was sick a long time, in spite of good doctors' treatment, but was wholly cured by Dr. King's New Life Pills, which worked wonders for her health. They always do." Try them. Only 25c at the Anti-Monopoly drug store.

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